

1995

## The College News 1995-11-7 Vol. 18 No.2

Students of Bryn Mawr College

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# THE COLLEGE NEWS

VOLUME XVIII, NUMBER 2

FOUNDED

1914

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

November 7, 1995

## Union Workers Picket Bryn Mawr

by Jenn Hogan

You've probably seen them when you go to catch the blue bus or go to class. They stand outside, rain or shine, quietly wearing signs, yet few students have stopped to talk to them. Who are these men and why are they picketing our oh-so-liberal arts college?

In an era where union membership has dwindled to a mere 13% of the work force, perhaps they are ghosts from past times. Yes, these men are genuine union workers and they have an issue with Bryn Mawr, both the administration and the students. These union workers, representing several different unions from the area, which are all part of the AFL-CIO super-union structure, are angry because when Bryn Mawr chose a contractor for the new Art, Archaeology, and Cities Library, they chose to go with an open shop contractor, Wohlsen Construction. Or at least Wohlsen says it's open shop. The veteran union members claim that not only is Wohlsen construction a non-union company, it is a union breaking company. Union officials like Tom Murphy from the Bricklayers and Allied Craftsmen Local No. 1 and George Wright from the Carpenter's Local 465 claim that Wohlsen uses unfair tactics to underbid union labor. How can Wohlsen get its prices so low, you may ask? According to the union officials, Wohlsen workers are temporary, relatively low-skilled workers who do not receive competitive wages, health care benefits, pension plans, or any of the customary benefits that you and I might hope to receive once we venture out into the working world. Union officials claim that the unions tried to match Wohlsen's lowest bid by doing a competitive adjustment to their bid which included cuts in the union workers' wages and bene-

fits. Alas, Wohlsen's bid was still lower, undercutting the union by about a million dollars, says the administration.

Now, you're probably asking yourself, what's the problem. After all, a million dollars is a large amount of money, and besides didn't the college use union labor when we built the science addition,

bor was on this job, the job would be on schedule, and quality-conscious skilled craftsmen would be doing excellent work.

Secondly, Wohlsen is a contractor from outside the area who has lately been bringing labor from outside the area to work on his jobs in this area. However, the unions are local people who all live in

**"It's perfectly OK for Bryn Mawr to host a conference on the importance of health care with Bill Clinton and Marjorie Margolis-Mezivinsky, but when it comes to health care for off-campus workers, it no longer seems important"**

and many other renovations in the past? Besides, why should we pay a million dollars more so that some people I don't know can have health insurance? That's not my problem.

These are all typical responses to this problem on campus. However, let's look at the deeper reasons why it pays to go union. First of all, you have all walked by that big hole in the ground in back of Thomas. It's not exactly a flurry of activity back there. The administration maintains that while construction is behind schedule, this is due to a difficult problem with underpinning the building. However, the union leaders claim that with less skilled labor, you get less professional results. The unions claim that because they are paid a decent wage for their work, they can't afford to sit around and do nothing. They say that if union la-

this area, send their kids to schools in this area, and eventually to local colleges. For Example, the Carpenters Local 465 was founded in 1900 and has taken part in the building of all of the institutional buildings on the Main Line. George Wright maintains that the fair union wages he receives have allowed him to stay in this area. It's all part of the community and Bryn Mawr's role in it. Sure, we can say this is only a one-time case, but when these one-time cases happen all over the area, we are eroding our relationship with the community.

Third, how fair is it to support a company that does not think it's important to provide health care benefits to its workers? Bryn Mawr provides its faculty and staff with health care benefits. However, it seems that once Bryn Mawr is no longer signing the pay check, it's no longer so

important to worry about whether workers for Bryn Mawr are getting health care. George Wright said, "It's perfectly OK for Bryn Mawr to host a conference on the importance of health care with Bill Clinton and Marjorie Margolis-Mezivinsky, but when it comes to health care for off-campus workers, it no longer seems important." This issue is especially important since construction work is so taxing on the body. Is it fair for a company to take the productive years of people's lives and not compensate them for health problems they might develop because of this job? Or is it one of the endless stream of externalities (such as environmental damage) with which companies should not concern themselves? Unions have always been organizations which empower their members to confront companies with these externalities.

Yes, the unions are angry with Bryn Mawr, and they will picket until the end of the job. They are angry with the administration for turning its back on fair labor values in giving Bryn Mawr's largest contract of the 1990's to Wohlsen construction, and they are angry at the students for not protesting. Should students have offered to support a tuition increase to pay for the new Library? Should construction on the Library have been shelved until the college could afford to pay for it with fair labor? Or is all fair in contract bidding, and should the lowest bidder always get the bid? Keep these questions in your mind and your responses to them when, somewhere down the road, you are trying to convince your boss that you deserve health care benefits, a decent pay rate, or a pension plan. After all, there will always be a lower bidder who will be able to do your job almost as well as you can.

## A Call for Community Service: Get Involved!

by Krissy Davis

Once again it's the end of the semester and time to test our resistance to ulcers and our dependency on Pepto-Bismol and caffeine. But the good news is that soon the semester will be over and we can all start anew next semester. So why not take a sanity break and figure out what volunteer opportunities to pursue next semester? To help aid the day-dreaming/study break the Owl's Wing is holding extra office hours (always ready to help our fellow Mawrters procrastinate!) on Tuesday 3-4, and 6:30-7:30; Thursday 10-11am, 2-4:30; and Friday 1:30-2:30 until the end of the year. These times are in addition to the normal

Wednesday hours of 3-6. And to help fulfill those New Year's Resolutions of activism, there will be added hours upon returning next semester. We are all excited because the filing overhaul is going well, and we keep coming upon more and more exciting stuff. In fact we guarantee you'll find something enticing.

Right now the Owl's Wing Community Service Committee is sending letters to the faculty and administration to find out what volunteer activities are in progress by individual groups. We always want to give credit where credit is due. Besides being informed will help us help you. And of course as soon as we know the scoop, we'll let the community know.

### ATTN: TUTORS NEEDED

Three tutors needed to tutor students at Haverford. The following students need you:

- a tenth grade girl needs help with geometry
  - a 14yr old needs help with ninth grade math
  - a 6yr old needs help with reading
- If any of these areas sound like something you are interested in, give Dawn a call or stop by at any of the office hours. The time commitment is only 1-2 times a week for at least an hour.

One more thing. Don't forget about

the Owl's Wing project of the month. This is with YUHU and is on Friday January 27th. It's a great time to get creative and meet some wonderful homeless kids who need to express themselves just like you do. And the great part is, that if you go and discover how wonderful it is, next semester you can keep going as much as you like. You can even rationalize it as a search for your sanity. Besides, no one says the volunteer can't have as much fun as the kids.

Remember, stop by and see Dawn in the Owl's Wing office downstairs in the campus center by the MAC machine. Or, if you're too depressed to leave your room call her at X7326.

In this issue,  
Mawrters experience history in South Carolina, "why women shouldn't have free speech", and the assassination of Rabin.



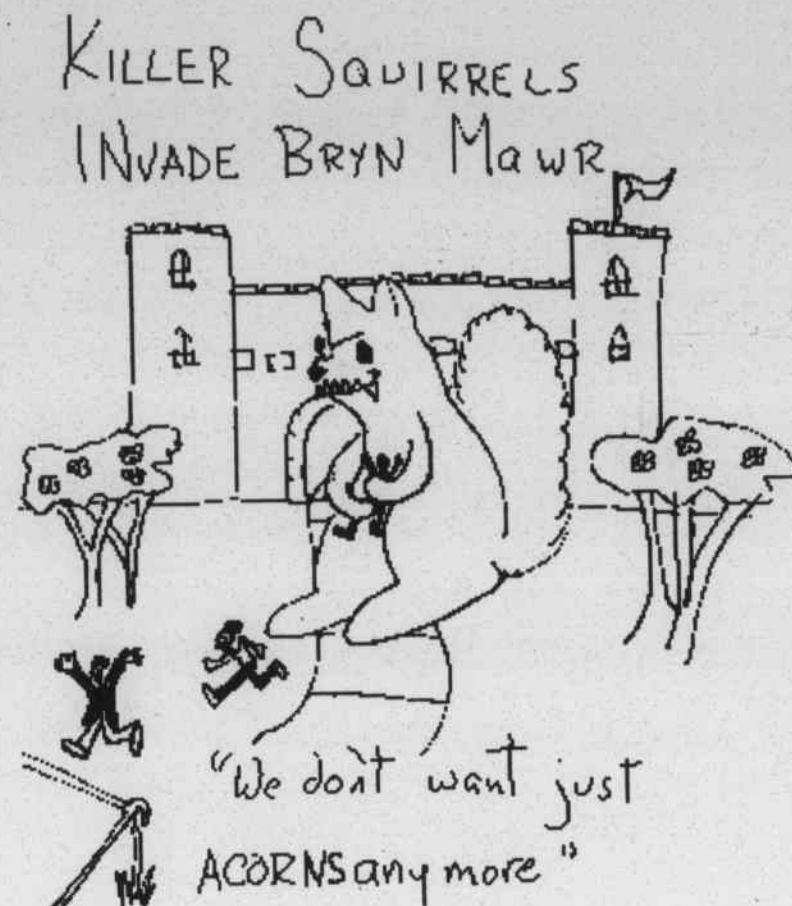
# EDITORIAL

## Misogyny invades our world

It seems that almost thirty years of the feminist movement have done little to change people's perception of women. Women still have to deal with misconceptions, attacks, and misguided remarks relating to their role in society. We at Bryn Mawr have recently had to deal with misogyny during the "75 reasons that women shouldn't have free speech" controversy. Last week, as many of you know, our trusty e-mail server, ada, collapsed under the strain of many angry Mawrers trying to flame the Cornell server by forwarding comments on the offensive e-mail message containing such well thought out and witty reasons women should not have free speech as "She can't talk with my dick in her mouth, anyway", and "Then she can't cry rape". When I first heard about this controversy, I was more than a little annoyed. Before I was told the actual contents of this message, I figured that it might be one of those pseudo-intellectual, Bell Curve style arguments, that announce due to their biological inferiority, women should not have free speech, and thus take part in the political process. However, I must admit I was actually relieved to find that the message was just another sophomoric (no offense to those at Bryn Mawr with dark blue lanterns), frat boy style crude response to, I suppose, women having a role in society other than that of sex objects. I'll assume that this offensive message was supposed to be a joke except it was not funny (except if you have the mentality of a 13 year-old boy who has consumed a six pack). I think the internet has disseminated many hilarious new takes on the battle of the sexes, but it's just not funny anymore to rely on the tired old blow job jokes for a quick chuckle. Just like the "dumb blonde" jokes that were popular a few years ago, this e-mail just reflects the true misogyny that exists in our society.

However, I find that the coverage of women's groups in local newspapers (and papers around the country) is a more disturbing reflection of the misogyny in the world around us. These apparently well-meaning journals make a point of covering women's and feminist issues, for which I can only be grateful. But they then place articles such as the one covering the E.R.A. convention into the Magazine section of the paper on the same day that an article on catching the bouquet at a wedding fills a third of a page in the editorials section. This really happened. And this sort of thing happens frequently in the Inquirer. The only times we see women on the front page of this paper is when they are victims (of the government, of crimes, of disparities and inequalities) or they are stereotypical caregivers. Authentic women's issues appear on the back pages of the paper, with the comics and neighborhood news, as though the world were still separated into separate spheres for men and women—or as if the men who put together the paper believe that women's protests and demands belong with the comics and the local high school's winning streak in basketball.

Maybe I'm being hyper-sensitive, but I think that if newspapers made a stronger effort to cover women's issues as news, we might be able to make greater and faster progress along the road to discrediting misogyny in this society.



Last issue we printed these out of sequence: here they are in the correct order, with a sequel!

## Letter to the Editors: Are you Clueless?

Dear College News Editors,

Three cheers for Elizabeth Hill's piece on cluelessness! I've noticed cluelessness, too, and wondered whether it was a generation gap thing. (Well, not quite a generation gap, but pushing 30 is different from pushing 20. Besides, my housemates at Batten have noticed the same problem.) I would not only call this attitude "clueless" but ignorant, impolite, and at times even arrogant. There, now that should offend someone.

Now that I have someone's attention, let me offer some more examples in the form of a pop quiz:

1. You got a good AP score and you could place out of Calc 101. What do you do?
  - a) Take it over again and goof off with your friends during class. Talk to each other, write letters and pay attention only when the prof is discussing something new. Life is rough after BMC and you'd better pad that GPA "tout de suit."
  - b) Take it over again but skip most of the classes.
  - c) Take Calc 102. After all, you are here to learn and somebody is shelling out over \$2 grand for this course.
2. Someone pauses at the Campus Center doorway and waits for you, holding the door open. What do you do?
  - a) Continue to talk to your friends and walk on through.
  - b) You're alone. You sail on through, not a "thank you" uttered. After all, doesn't she know that you're not only a blood relative to Mary Pat and M. Carey Thomas, but that Athena has died and left you goddess of BMC? (No offense to MP or MCT.)
  - c) You look at the person and say, "Thank you."
3. It's the last week of classes. Someone is struggling with the copying machine in the library. She's trying to copy something from an oversized newspaper. You, too, need the machine. What do you do?
  - a) Ask politely if you could make a one page copy.
  - b) Go to another machine.
  - c) Offer to help the person, politely, not sarcastically.

I could go on, but yes, homework calls and I think I made my point. But before finishing, let me add two points. My brother and his fiancé just took teaching jobs at Vanderbilt and Princeton, respectively. They, too, are human and they, too, face rampant cluelessness. You don't need to go off campus to realize profs are people, too. Take an extra five minutes to get to know one of yours. And finally, to end my diatribe, please realize we all have good and bad days. Cluelessness might just be a sign of a bad day. Giving the benefit of the doubt helps.

Sincerely,  
Beatrice M. Desper '96

## THE COLLEGE NEWS

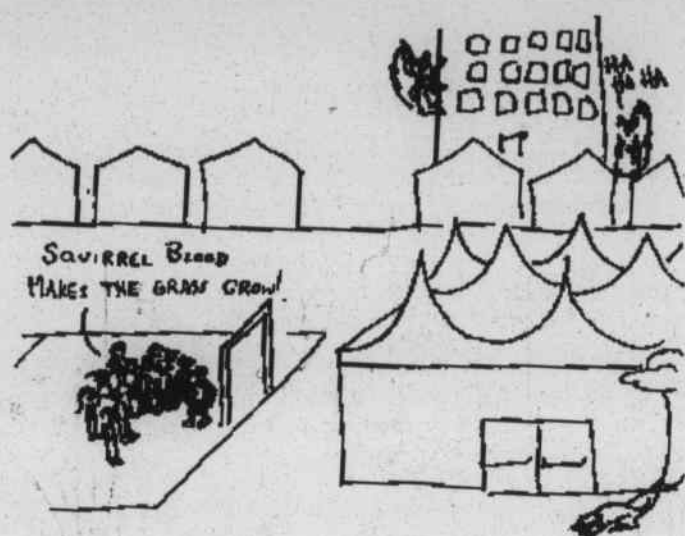
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The College News does not accept any advertising.  
Free announcements from or for the community are welcome.

The next deadline is Friday, November 3, at Midnight. Letters and articles should be sent to our mailbox (C-1716), or placed outside our Denbigh office (x7340). All submissions should be on MAC disks or hard copy. They will be returned via campus mail. All opinions expressed in articles or letters are those of the author only, and are not representative of those of the editorial board; all pictures are the work of the artist, and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the authors of the articles near which they appear. Come to the Thursday night meetings at 7 in the News Office or call one of the editors if you are interested in submitting to the paper. **STATEMENT OF PURPOSE:** The College News is a feminist newsjournal which serves as a source of information and self-expression for the Bryn Mawr community. Recognizing that feminism is a collective process, we attempt to explore issues of interest to all women, both as members of this college and of the larger world community. Through this continuing dialogue, we seek to promote communication and understanding and to foster self-confidence and independence in expression.





RUGBY TEAM Holds  
EMERGENCY MEETING

**feminism will be the next center-spread topic: give us your thoughts regarding the future of the movement, the problems with the movement, or just your own personal perusal of its place in your life**

## New Group to Empower Bryn Mawr Women forms

by Sheenu Jalla & Dawn Kamalanathan

What the hell is EWOC, anyway? That's a good question—EWOC began as a series of summer conversations about the college, about ourselves, about the women's college experience and our place within and beyond it. The discussion provoked questions: Why is our being different so important? In what ways should the experience be changing us, maturing us, and preparing us? From these questions, we realized the strengths of this very unique place and this experience. But we were still confused. In talking with fellow Mawrters, it sounds as if intelligent, thoughtful women still aren't finding what they want here. So, what is the problem? Apathy? That strange, vague, response to explain every inadequacy the administration, student groups, or we examine? Do you really believe that? How would an apathetic woman even be admitted to Bryn Mawr? Something must happen along the way, and we came up with a theory.

When you get here, the promise of the place tends to substitute for the reality. When the two don't add up, you get bitter. When the discrepancy is never discovered, you tend to drift happily (or unhappily), simply studying, or singly absorbed by one activity or another. If you see the gap, and do something to bridge it, the combination of all that extracurricular and academic work gives you a real edu-

cation, but often at a high price. Not every Mawrter's experience is our experience, but we would like to see every Mawrter become the best woman she envisions her future self to be.

EWOC evolved out of an attempt to address parts of these different problems; hopefully, with the tools and techniques we learn through participation, we will learn much about ourselves and solve some BMC problems along the way. We are going to learn that we, as a group, all possess unique and valuable traits necessary to good leadership. And leading together, we are going to learn through the workshops planned by EWOC how to apply basic leadership skills (project planning, facilitation, developing individual leadership style) effectively to tackle issues generated by the participants. We believe that this kind of positive problem solving is a transformative experience, and will open up a new world of resources to students, within the college and themselves.

Nowhere else will you find this kind of freedom. At Bryn Mawr, we can be who we want, do what we want, and pretty much think and say what we want in an atmosphere of support and sisterhood. But we do not. Not enough, anyway. This is our chance to change things. To prove that we are not a "culture of complaint". Labels such as apathetic do not answer the question "why?" anymore.

**PLEASE JOIN EWOC ON SATURDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1995 FOR OUR WORKSHOPS!!!!**

## Don't Trust Bennett Taxi Service

by Julia Alexander

We might have known that Mawrters are not the best at dealing with stress, time pressure, and rejection all at once. It might sound like I got dumped during finals or something, but this is actually a warning to anyone who might think she can depend on Bennett taxi service for anything.

So, there I am, hauling my butt out of bed at six-thirty on the Saturday morning of the GREs, also the first day of Fall Break. I walk through a torrential downpour to get to the Campus Center where there are supposed to be two cabs from Bennett waiting to take six of us to Swarthmore where we unwisely opted to take the GREs. (They don't run the Swat van over Fall Break, see? So the Dean's office kindly agreed to foot half the bill for cabs for us to take this exam, and they also called the taxis for us, so the company would know it was legit, and realize that they were unlikely to get stiffed.) So the six of us, very wet, gratefully climb into the waiting cabs. We wait a few minutes to see if the two other people who weren't sure if they had rides of their own were going to come to get into the cabs with us. This would be a happy little story, if it weren't for the next part.

As we're sitting there, in the torrential downpour, the cabdrivers get a call from the dispatcher. They turn around (I'm assuming they both turned around) and tell us that the dispatcher says they're going to Villanova. We explain patiently,

sort of, that no, actually, we're going to Swarthmore. They offer their good wishes on our journey (not really, but it would have been nice if they had) and suggest that since they will only be driving to Villanova, we might want to take another form of transportation. So, there we are, standing in the dark, windy, drenching morning, trying to figure out how we're supposed to get to Swat, given that it's much less easy to walk to Swat than Villanova.

We go over to Public Safety, and restrain our impulse to have shrieking, screaming fits on the floor, no matter how stressed out we are about missing this very expensive, very important to getting into grad school exam.

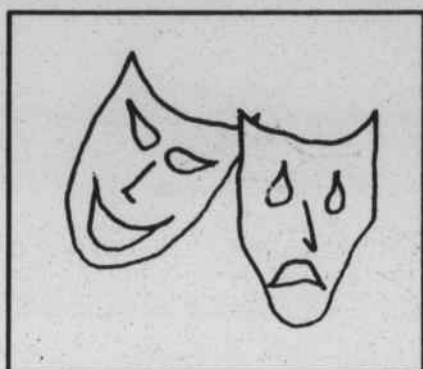
Public Safety to the RESCUE!! They were WONDERFUL!! They called around for permission, and then kindly—and safely—drove us over to Swarthmore in plenty of time to take the exam. And they weren't even put out that they had to leave their nice, warm, DRY office to take a bunch of stressed-out Mawrters over to Swarthmore on a rainy Saturday morning. Wow!

There are several morals to this tale. First, take all your standardized exams at Villanova, where you can at least walk if your ride falls through. Second, don't use Bennett taxi service unless it doesn't matter whether or not you get where you want to go. Finally, if you're stranded someplace, give Public Safety a try, because they really are here and willing to help students.

N A U S E A B F P A N E A P A D S  
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B L D R L U N A R E A E L C Y C  
B L O A T I N G P C E R Y U C K !

60 words — SUBJECT: MENSTRUATION





this week's centerspread:  
the Arts at Bryn Mawr

## Bryn Mawr Goes Loony Over Dorothy Allison (or this College News columnist does!)

by Karla Solheim

I made a resolution years ago that I would never stand in line for an autograph, never gape up from afar at some other human, never debase myself in general waiting around for a crumb of recognition from any celebrity. I thought I had some pride. In fact, I am ashamed to say I was snooty about the idea of the masses lined up for hours, waiting to catch a glimpse of Danielle Steele or John Grisham.

I know now that I was deceiving myself. Dorothy Allison, author and lesbian diva, swept into an overflowing Thomas Great Hall last Thursday. More electrifying than econ lectures, more hypnotizing than frozen yogurt machines, she held us in thrall. We did not mind.

Pallas Athena must have been quaking in her sandals after this woman let her terrifying side show, bellowing and whispering her life story up to the stained-glass windows. Allison introduced herself and read a passage from her unpublished novel. I

didn't know when the introduction stopped and Title of Forthcoming Novel

started, the way she slipped into it and transformed from friendly author into awing storyteller. "I want my people to be believable, my stories to haunt and obsess my readers. I want, in fact, to startle my readers, shock and terrify sometimes, to

*She said that she, like all the women in her family, was not and could not be beautiful. I guess she would know, but she could have fooled me....*

fascinate and surprise... It is a completely amoral writer's lust," she writes in her book of essays, Skin.

From her performance piece published as memoir, Two or Three Things I Know for Sure, Allison read about her people, particularly women, in rural South Carolina. She said that she, like all the women in her family, was not and could not be beautiful. I guess she would know, but she could have fooled me.

So by the time she no longer deigned to take questions, the last tatters of my pride were gone. I didn't have anything for her to sign, but nonetheless I made my way to the front of the adulation surrounding Allison after she finished speaking. I gaped. There she was, just a few feet away, cheerfully signing books and chatting with one and all in the chaotic pseudo-line. I had been expecting her to have an attitude of disdain, to resign herself to doing a show for us Bryn Mawr peons, but it seemed to me like she was having a good time. I'm sorry for anyone who missed it.

So if you did miss Dorothy Allison, all I can tell you is that the bookstore stocks some of her books, including the National Book Award finalist, Bastard out of Carolina, and Trash, a collection of short stories that won two Lambda awards. Next on the Lucy Donnelly Women Writers Series agenda is the poet Sonia Sanchez, author of many books, including Homegirls and Hand Grenades, who will be coming next spring.

NEW  
FOODS  
C/O  
BMCDS  
δτψαφγ

by Julia Alexander

Both of these recipes are from ideas that my friend Lyla suggested. They can both be made with ingredients that are fairly common in the dining hall, and they are both good enough to make you feel entirely satisfied after consuming them.

The first one is "Lyla's Orange Lemon Honey Ginger Chicken." This would have been really fast to make if I had timed my run through the hot line a little better. But such is life.... Anyhow, take a couple spoonfuls of orange marmalade and add the juice from several slices of lemon. Add ginger, cinnamon and honey to taste. Get a piece of chicken from the hot line, cut it up, and add it to this mixture. From here, you can add other things like pineapple chunks, carrots, sautéed onions, and anything else you would like with it. We found that this goes reasonably well with curried cauliflower and rice, but we're well-known for strange taste.

The second is "Lyla's Dining Hall Apple Pie Substitute." As the name implies, this lacks just a little bit from regular apple pie, but it's also a nice change from routine, and if we can work out the kinks in the crust, it just might be perfect. Anyhow, take a good sized apple and cut it up with your knife. Also use the knife to take off the peel. Thin slices cook faster. While you're doing this, have one of your friends collect cinnamon, sugar packs and butter, and have another friend be mashing up graham crackers (still in the package) by rolling a glass back and forth over them. The friend who collects the spices will be done a bit before you other two, so put her to work mixing the cinnamon and about half of the sugar packets. Then you mix the apples and cinnamon mix together and microwave for about two minutes. Add all the butter packets, and most of the rest of the sugar to the graham crackers. Stir this up, and go microwave it for forty-five seconds, or until sort of buttery and slightly crunchy. Divide the apples up into two or three bowls and top them with the crust. If the crust isn't the way you like it, add sugar and butter until it is. Eat and enjoy the strange looks from the people sitting around you. This actually won't take much more than half an hour, eating included.

If you have a great recipe you'd like to share with the rest of the campus, please write a short article about it explaining how it's made. You might want to stick with dining hall recipes, or things that can be made in tea pantries, but from there, it's fair game.

## ESSAYS EXPLORE RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN MINDS AND BODIES

by Julia Alexander

Book Review: Minding the Body: women writers on body and soul, Patricia Foster, ed. Anchor Books, 1994. (I don't have the price for this book, as I got it through a book club.)

Minding the body. Taking care of the body. Minding the body. Objecting to the body. Minding the body. Obeying the body. Minding the body. Remembering the body. Minding the body. Connecting "the mind and ideas" to "the body and the senses."

I bought this book through my paperback book club because the title intrigued me, and because I happen to like books of essays anyway. I found this a wonderful book, easily filling my needs for a spare time book. First, because I never have the

time to read more than thirty pages at once, I like to have a book full of essays. Second, because even after being here for over three years, I still like to have my intellect stimulated, and this does a wonderful, if sometimes disturbing, job. Finally, the essays are interesting enough that I can think about them in all the time I spend at tasks where my body is engaged, but my mind is mostly free to wander where it wants to go—walking to and from work, to and from Brecon, babysitting, and so on.

The essays cover the broad spectrum indicated by the title. The first essay I read was a woman talking about her unfavorable body image while in a Moroccan bath. The most recent essay I've read was a very disturbing story about an anorexic

woman in the hospital for treatment—from her side of the story. In between have been essays about images of women's bodies in the world around us, the incidents that make women "mind the body" including cancer, pregnancy, infertility, and longterm training.

This is a book for the sort of person who likes reading that will give her room to think in. I don't necessarily agree with all the opinions expressed, nor can I see where every woman in this book is coming from. But I can also find connections between us, in the ways that these authors (who include Margaret Atwood and Naomi Wolf) describe how they look at, feel about, care for, and understand their own bodies.

## Chekov's "Three Sisters" Comes to Bryn Mawr

by Liz Cho

The Bryn Mawr College and Haverford College Theater Program presents The Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov on November 10, 11, 12 (Friday through Sunday) & 16, 17, 18 (Thursday through Saturday) at 7:30p.m. at Goodhart Hall, Bryn Mawr College. The production is directed by Mark Lord and designed by Hiroshi Iwasaki. Undergraduates from both Bryn Mawr and Haverford Colleges are featured: Tamar Adler, Zoe Chance, Lauren Doerr, Katie Figueiroa, Jennifer Franklin, Tony Gross, Michael Harris, Seth Hollander, Gabe Johnson, Anders Liljeholm, Juan Mora, Slavica Naumovska, Adam Orman, Goze Saner, Holly Scott, and Maggie Siff.

The Three Sisters was written at the turn of the century by Chekhov, the Russian author of numerous short stories and plays. His writing took naturalism to new

heights, both in terms of his sense of the ebb and flow of language and in his use of naturalism to explore the art and artifice of the theater. The play relates the stories

*"It's a play," one critic wrote, "in which nothing happens. Except that one world ends. And another one begins."*

of several characters who live in a provincial Russian town. The three sisters want to move back to the Moscow they think they remember from youth, but they never go. Their brother dreams of life as a university professor, but ends up as a minor figure in local politics. His wife, mean-

while, slowly takes over their home. Also featured are an army without a war, a nanny without children, artists without audiences, a doctor without skill, lovers with or without love, a duel we don't see, two parties that don't happen, and a clock that doesn't tell time. "It's a play," one critic wrote, "in which nothing happens. Except that one world ends. And another one begins."

The play takes place in four different spaces, both indoors and outdoors, and the audience will move through the building from act-to-act to experience the play. Please dress appropriately. Tickets cost \$5 each for the general public and are free for all students with I.D. For reservations or information, call 526-5211 or contact echo@brynmawr.edu.





# When a sexist email finds Bryn Mawr...

by Amy Wilder Drake

It was sometime during the week of the 20th of October when the message first came to Bryn Mawr over the internet. One woman brought it to the attention of the members of the rape awareness group, thinking that they might want to read it during Take Back the Night. Jessica Sussman, a member of the group, said that they decided not to read it because "we thought it would get people really upset."

In the two weeks since that decision, the message has been forwarded from woman to woman, printed and passed around, quoted and discussed, repeated and ridiculed and condemned, and many Mawrters have, in fact, become quite upset.

Megan Harrington expresses some of the different reactions Mawrters have had when she says of the message: "It disgusted me, it made me sad, and it made me wonder if women are ever going to be treated as anything but objects." One Haverford woman expressed another common response when she said that students at Haverford who had read the message were "furious." Some Mawrters were less disturbed by the message; they found it "stupid" and thought it was "a pretty shitty thing to do," but they did not see a need to respond to it further.

The message was a list like those most students with email accounts receive frequently, such as "99 Ways To Drive Your Roommate Crazy" or "50 Fun Things To Do In An Elevator." This message consisted of a list titled "Top 75 reasons why women (bitches) should not have freedom of speech." It opens with the sentence: "Let's go back to the good old days when men were men and women were ribs," which the authors put in quotation marks but do not attribute to anyone. Then follow the reasons, which range from the names of women considered by the authors to be annoying, such as Oprah Winfrey and Whitney Houston, to what some consider to be the most offensive: "This is my dick. I'm going to fuck you. No more stupid questions." There are also political references, such as "affirmative action," "the second and nineteenth amendments," and "feminists." The final category of reasons is those that are more generally sexist, such as "If she can talk, all she can do is complain," and "if she's in the kitchen, no-one can hear her anyway."

Throughout, the message stereotypes and derides women as a group. It also refers to acts of violent abuse as though they were acceptable interactions between men and women and implies that only if a woman "cries rape" is there a problem with such behavior. Further, the authors suggest that, even then, it is only a problem if someone listens to her. The types of attitudes that lie behind this message are precisely the attitudes that feminism is combatting.

The "Top 75 reasons" were written as a joke by four Cornell students who call themselves "the four-players of Cornell." Presumably this message was passed around Cornell and among the friends of the authors until "some guy" forwarded the message to three women. These three women began to pass the message to other women who they hoped would pass the message along to their friends and help them to "annoy the fuck out of those guys [the authors]" by emailing them. The

women they sent the message to did at least the former and, several times as the message was passed along, Bryn Mawr women were among those to receive it.

Many of those who were angered or shocked by the message wanted to take action and chose, as the first three women had suggested, to direct that action against the authors of the message. As a result, there was a concerted effort last week to forward the message to Bryn Mawr students. The theory was that if enough Mawrters received the message and replied to the authors by email, Cornell's server would be overloaded or "flooded" and the message would come to the attention of the authorities. The authorities, it was hypothesized, would have the power to close the accounts of the authors which seemed, to many, a fitting and deserved punishment. The message was forwarded by Margaret Dooley and Christina Seluzicki and was prefaced by a note from the woman who sent the message to them which said: "Take a look at this. And, after you pick your chin up off the floor, write a blistering message to the assholes who wrote it. Then forward it to anyone who you think would care, and ask them to do the same."

The mass forwarding took place on the night of Tuesday, October 31st. On Wednesday morning at 10am, the computer center staff shut down the mail system "because we were buried with chain mail," said James Brown in a message to all users when the system went up again at 1pm. Jennifer Harper, a member of the computer center staff, said that the system was flooded not by outgoing mail, but by incoming mail. This means that it was the mail that Mawrters sent to each other that caused the main system to go "from 6% of its capacity to 48% in about fifteen minutes," said Harper, who explained that the staff shut down the system in order to prevent what they guess would have been a crash within the next twenty minutes.

How many Mawrters replied to the authors is not known, since even a very large amount of outgoing mail would not have caused a problem. However, judging from the volume of mail Mawrters wrote to each other, the number of responses that were sent was probably sizable. Yet many potential responses were likely cut off by the shut down, so it is unclear at this time whether or not any of the theorized results have occurred.

At least one of the women who wrote to the authors of the message received a reply. She is a student at Smith College who wrote a letter which began: "I hope your little message was a joke, because if it was, maybe you will not be killed by any of us who read it. If it wasn't, I would watch out, you never know when we bitches may do a little more than just talk!" and ended: "how did you get into Cornell, on a football scholarship? Piss off all of you ignorant mother-fuckers." The response she got was:

"Our list was a joke, but even though it was, we still must apologize for writing something that was in such bad taste. We do not really believe anything in that list, and I wish you could really know us and our personalities. We wrote that list to our closest friends who know us, and that it was [sic] trying to be humorous. This is not an excuse, it is simply an apology and an explanation. I take full responsibility

for my actions, so if you wish to harbor any bad feelings, please do this towards me, not my friends, not my sex, but me. All I can really do is offer my sincerest apologies and hope that you will realize that I am not a Neanderthal, nor do I have hair on my back. I have the highest respect for the freedom of speech, and those who protect and use it every day. Thank you for your response, even though it may have perhaps been a little hostile. Yet we did deserve that, looking back on a list that I truly wish I had not written. I hope you can accept my apology, and if you can't, please deal only with me. I wish you could get to know me and see that my views are anything but sexist."

Some of the women who read this response felt differently about the authors afterwards, and others were sceptical about the sincerity of the apology.

The authors of the message say that it was a joke. Why, then, was the response of many women who read it so strong? Of course, to some, the answer seems obvious: this joke was extremely offensive. Yet the authors are only college students like ourselves, they have no power or authority of any kind - why should these words be so disturbing?

Jokes, as Freud told us, are not meaningless. Some jokes, like this one, are false fronts, hiding the true feelings of the jokers behind a mask of their choosing. When someone jokes in this way, others have no way of telling what their true sentiments may be. If this were a time and place where sexism was extinct and sex crimes were no longer committed, where understanding between men and women was complete and perfect, it would be reasonable to assume that the jokers believed none of what they wrote. America in 1995 is not such a time and place. Rape and abuse of women take place every few minutes, as those who attended Take Back the Night are now aware; and sexism and misunderstanding are still problems faced by every woman every day. The attitude which was assumed by the authors in jest is one which some people have all the time. The words of the message themselves are not dangerous, but they represent a reality which is frighteningly close to us, even within Bryn Mawr.

For those Mawrters who listened to Voices, the reality reflected in the Cornell message has been brought home in a direct and personal way. Many women spoke at the gathering before Take Back the Night of their experiences of rape and sexual assault. As the listeners sat in a room of perhaps a hundred women, they heard, one by one, more and more voices raised till one began to wonder: if so many of us have been victimized already, how many more victims will there be among us by the time we are thirty? Will any of us live out our lives untouched? In this context, it is difficult to hear this message simply as a joke. Without question, many women have strong feelings about sexism and sex crimes. It should therefore come as no surprise that some Mawrters responded so strongly to this message. Nor, for those familiar with Bryn Mawr, should it be any surprise that some of the students took action.

It is interesting to question however where this action, even presuming it is effective, leaves those who are endeavoring to end sexism. If the attempt to flood

Cornell's server was effective, and the authorities responded as those writing hoped them to, then the authors of the message would have their accounts closed. What does that mean? Four voices would be silenced. The "four-players of Cornell" would no longer have a fast and easy way to spread their messages, as one Mawrters pointed out. And, as someone else noticed, their freedom of speech would be limited. But has silencing women's voices ever stopped them from holding their views? Even though silencing the authors of this message would send a strong message to the authors that there are people who will not tolerate such attitudes, will intolerance solve the problem?

Certainly, women have the right to be angry and to express their anger, and it is extremely gratifying to many women to be able to respond to the authors of something like this with a direct and powerful attack. Women have no reason to put anger aside or try to forget it, for it is also sometimes necessary for us to employ our anger in a forceful way to protect our selves and our fellow women. Our anger is quite useful, but care must be taken in how we use it. If sexism is going to come to an end, it is going to require increased human understanding; and increased understanding is seldom if ever comes as the result of a direct attack. Real communication between men and women is essential to the breaking of the patterns of behavior which have developed over centuries to divide us from one another. It is the men who feel distant from women who harm them the most; only when men

experience drastic separation from the opposite sex that seems to them beyond reconciliation do they resort to violence and oppression in order to cross that gap. But violence and oppression will never succeed in bringing men and women closer together. The real solution to these problems lies in helping men such as these Cornell students to understand what it feels like for women to read their message. And perhaps asking them if they can begin to explain to Mawrters how men who consider themselves "far from sexist" could write something of this kind. Some of the most powerful allies women can have in their struggle for equality are men who have been able to free themselves from sexist attitudes and thus can help other men and women to see how those attitudes are first implanted, and how they can be uprooted.

The Cornell message may strike some Mawrters as an insignificant and foolish joke, and it may seem to others to be a discouraging reminder that sexism is still rampant in our society, even among those who we might hope would know better; or it may be to some incendiary and offensive, provoking angry and antagonistic responses. There is another way to hear the message, however: as a call to awareness and to action. Not violent or oppositional action, because that will only lock us into the pattern of violence, but peaceful, constructive action on behalf of the divided human race. Action to repair broken lines of communication and build stronger understandings, and to open the minds of others to the possibility that men and women can live together in peace, respect, and equality.



# More Matsy the Matriarch:

## Grandma Schultz Learns to appreciate BMC

by Kim Schultz

Happily I got off campus a while back and spent quality time with my parents in the Hudson Valley region of New York. Everything looked quiet as we approached the house, but who should be waiting for me and my unsuspecting accomplice, Julie, but Grandma Schultz? Yes, my mother had taken my grandmother to the eye doctor that morning, so she had invited Grandma Schultz over for dinner. Grandma Schultz has apparently been anxious to see me, and my mother roasts a good turkey, so of course she accepted my mother's invitation and was perched on the sofa, nursing herrye-and-diet, when Julie and I unknowingly trudged into the lion's den, or the living room, as it may be.

The question leaping to everyone's lips now is, "Why was Grandma Schultz so eager to see you?" especially since Grandma Schultz has never been eager to see me since I turned my back on the world of babies and bridal magazines in order to go to a girls' school that none of her friends had heard of, save one "old Jewish lady at the pool" who called it "that hoity-toity school." Although she tried to be interested in my college life, she found it as foreign as ancient baby sacrificing practices. But recently, BMC suddenly became a fascinating topic for discussion, originating, as things often do with Grandma Schultz, with the brain-sucking boob tube. Grandma Schultz saw a made-for-TV movie about the conflicts between a wealthy Texan who wanted his daughter to go to the best liberal arts college in the country — which was, by

the way, Bryn Mawr College — and his daughter who wanted to go the junior college down the street instead of a stinky girls' school. (I have no idea where she ended up, by the way, so don't ask. Grandma Schultz stories rarely have fully complete endings, except for her Nixon story, but that's another column altogether.) Apparently, this television drama impressed upon Grandma Schultz the "most competitive" status of BMC. Four years of fun facts from Admissions and copies of *Bryn Mawr Now* never gave Bryn Mawr the credit it was due, according to Grandma, and we should probably get a copy of this flick for Preview Days so prospective students would fully understand the glory that goes with the school's name.

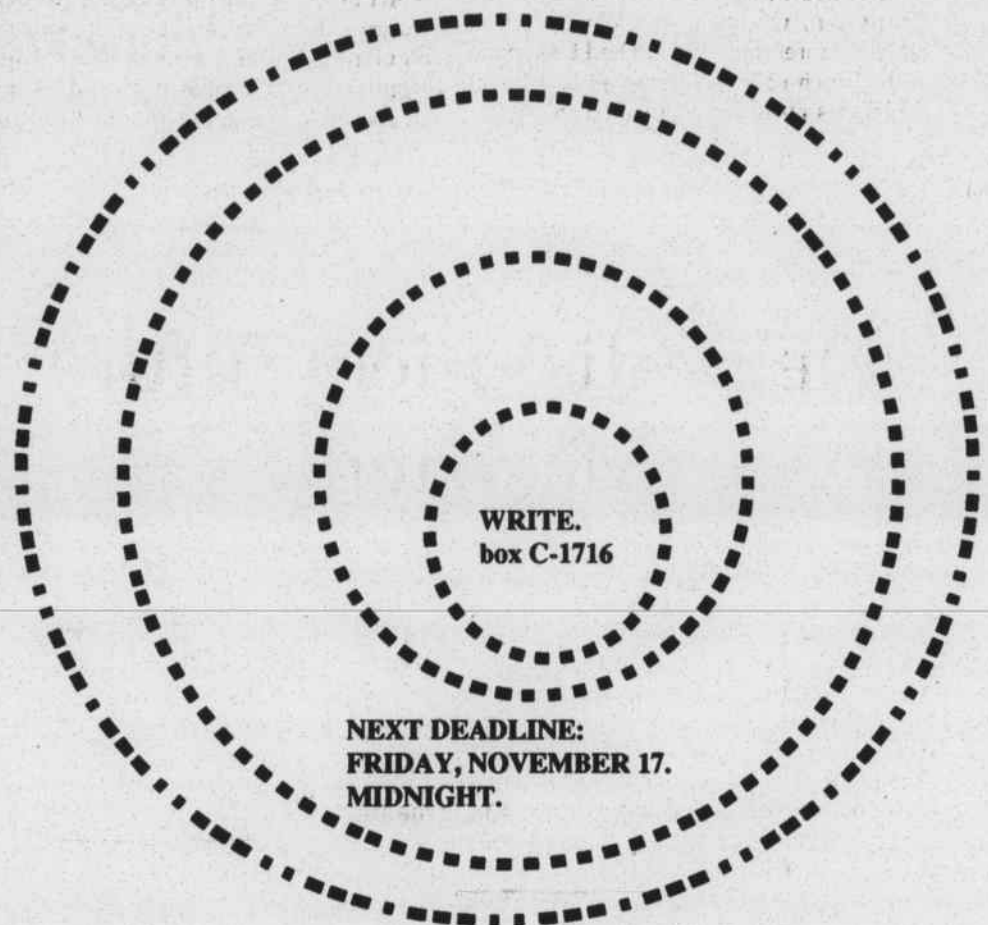
Of course, her friends all saw it too, so now she can walk around bragging that her granddaughter is a senior at Bryn Mawr College, "that school in that movie on TV." The only problem is that she hasn't sat down and talked to me since I graduated high school about how school is or what I'm studying, so the scope of her bragging is limited, to say the least. You'll all be glad to know that Grandma Schultz got enough information about my life at BMC to make her a braggart of the highest degree and put her in good standing with the ladies at the pool and at the firehouse and with her friend Claire, although when I last saw her, she was still wondering what history majors do if they aren't historians and what psych majors do if they aren't psychologists. But I'm still wondering about that myself.

### BRYN MAWR COLLEGE BOOKSHOP

In November and December, calendars are 10% off, holiday cards and wrapping are 20% off, and music tapes and CD's are 30% off.

Did you know that the Bookshop...

- sells helium balloons?
- offers UPS shipping?
- used to be the pool when the Campus Center was the old gym?
- has bell hooks' latest book, *Killing Rage: Ending Racism*?
- will give a free bag of Pepperidge Farm Cookies to the first student who can answer the following question: at what European university did M. Carey Thomas study? See Fred if you have the answer.



# Remembering Rabin: Soldier and Peacemaker

by Jenn Hogan

Yet another shocking incident of violence has shook the tiny strip of desert known as the state of Israel. The assassination of Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin took the whole world by surprise. Rabin was one of the few voices who dared to call for peace in a place where a state of war is always imminent. Perhaps the saddest aspect of Rabin's murder is that the man who pulled the trigger in this latest incident of terrorism, was a member of an extremist Jewish group, reflecting deep divisions in Israeli society over the peace process.

I have to admit, that after spending last year in Israel, I knew immediately that the terrorist who killed Rabin was a radical right wing Jewish extremist. The rhetoric in Israel from the right wing factions who are against the peace process was growing and growing, especially in the past month as a definitive plan for Israeli pull out from the West Bank is beginning to be implemented. Fiery slogans comparing Yitzhak Rabin to Hitler were common among these groups who see Rabin as destroying the Jewish homeland. These groups were hoping to derail the peace process anyway they could. One should not be surprised that after rhetoric as inflammatory as this, violence was

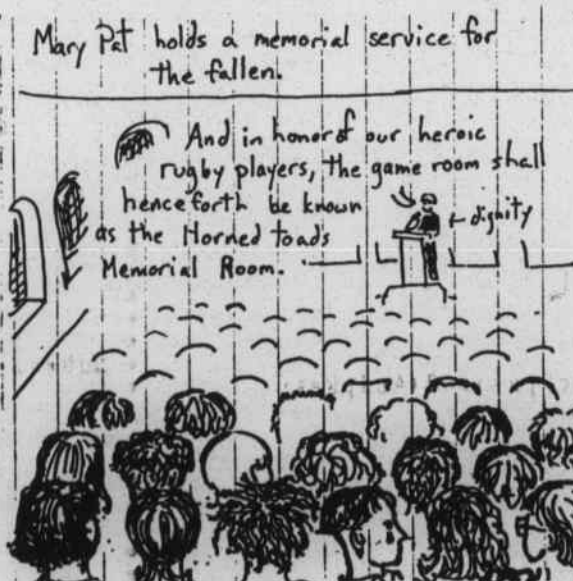
not far behind. Many experts have stated that these radical Jewish groups, like the right wing Jewish settlers in Hebron and other parts of the West Bank, are the biggest threat to peace.

However, although Rabin was the messenger of peace, his message has not died with him. Let us remember that Rabin was assassinated at a peace rally with 100,000 participants, a huge number considering Israel's population of 4.5 million. The peace process has gone too far to turn back now. The new interim Prime Minister, Shimon Peres is just as committed to peace as was Rabin. The likely new defense minister, Ehud Barak, is known as a tough military leader who is committed to the peace process, the same qualities that made Rabin's message of peace feasible to the Israeli people. In addition, the killing of a Jew by another Jew is the worst crime in Israeli eyes, and perhaps this will focus people more on moving forward towards peace and showing unity in the face of crisis.

Rabin was a man who was instrumental in the creation of the state of Israel, working closely with David Ben

Gurion in the 1948 war for Independence, and then playing a key role in the Israeli victory in the 1967 war. He was a general, a man who had made war his career. That is why it was so amazing, that later in his life, Rabin turned into a great peace maker. During the Intifada or Palestinian Uprising which took place throughout the 1980s, he began to see the problems with sending an army into to quell the rock throwing of little children. He began to look for other solutions besides military repression, and this path lead him to become an advocate of peace. He was a politician who changed 180 degrees in his political position, but he once he moved towards peace, he held to his position. Rabin did not, like so many politicians, change his ideology at every change of public opinion polls.

Things have changed in the Middle East. Rabin, who applauded Anwar Sadat's assassination for making peace with Israel, publicly condemned the assassination of Rabin, calling him a peacemaker, as did the leaders of many Arab states, and the leaders of the American Jewish community. Rabin was a casualty on the rough road to peace, but let us hope his struggle was not in vain.





# Mawrters Experience History in South Carolina

by Stacy Curwood

Two weekends ago, Professor Linda Susan Beard accompanied students in her African American Literature class on a trip to Charleston, South Carolina. I joined the group because, while I am not in the class this semester, I was last year and was so eager to go on the trip that Professor Beard invited me.

I'm glad that she did, because although the concept of sleep was unknown, we packed more into 36 hours than I had ever thought possible. We started down Route 95 at three in the morning and emerged at Williamsburg, VA at ten a.m. After Williamsburg, a short stop at Jamestown Museum, a visit to Hampton University (A Historically Black College), a quick dinner, and on the road to Charleston, stopping for a few hours' rest at a Motel Six. In Charleston, we sat at the Woolworth's lunch-counter there (which had been one of the lunch-counters involved in a 1961 civil rights sit-in, toured an old plantation,

drove around a Sea Island, and had dinner at Alice's Restaurant ("authentic Southern cooking").

Our whirlwind tour had a purpose: to witness history from the perspective of African American people. At Williamsburg, we had a tour guide who had been instructed to focus our tour that way, and some of us felt that she had done a fine job while others felt as if they hadn't heard the whole story. The interesting thing about Williamsburg was that we saw history told in different ways; the history we had known from our reading and discussion, the history our regular tour guide gave us, and the history of a slaveholding household given us by a different guide who showed us that house from the perspective of the slaves in it.

At the Charleston plantation we toured, we got quite a different story. We took the regular tour from a woman dressed in a bright green petticoated dress, and learned all about the china, the architecture, and

the furniture. We asked questions about the slaves, and received cursory answers, one of which is that nobody is sure where the field slaves lived (Interestingly, one of the African American housecleaners, when asked, said that her mother knew where those quarters had been; they had been torn down not too many years ago). Our feeling when we left the plantation was that the version of history given each tour that went through the house was misleading and closed to anyone who wanted different perspectives besides that of the master. However, the house slaves' quarters still stand in front of the house, and we stood inside one of these (not all at once, however, because we could not all fit).

Taking the trip made some of the history I know become more real. I stood on the ground that slaves walked on, and sat on the stools that people sick of segregation sat on. Some was disturbing, and some was enlightening... all was informing.

## Help (dis)orient future Mawrters!

by Julia Alexander

Okay, everyone, this is my final try at putting together some sort of "disorientation handbook." For those of you who don't know what this is, it's a handbook where someone (such as me) collects anonymous replies to questions such as those listed below, and then compiles them for the use and convenience of people like you who would then read it. Someone from Haverford put one of these together my freshman year, and it was exceptionally helpful in deciding from whom I wanted to take classes, as well as being a nice pointer to stores and delivery places in the area.

Please, please, please reply to this questionnaire, as it looks REALLY stupid to do one of these with fewer than, say, fifty respondents. Please also hand the questions around to your friends who didn't notice the article in the paper. This is anonymous, so don't worry about offending anyone. Please send replies to Julia Alexander, box c-367, or [jalexand@brynmawr.edu](mailto:jalexand@brynmawr.edu). Thanks.

1. What year are you?
2. What dorm(s) have you lived in? Did you like it?
3. Why, or why not?
4. Who have your favorite profs been? Why?
5. Who have your least favorite profs been? Why?
6. Which classes have you taken this semester, and what did you think of them?
7. Please mention your favorite and least favorite classes, with reasons.
8. What classes/profs do you think everyone should experience before they graduate?
9. If you had an academic problem, whom would you go see, and why?
10. If you had a personal problem, to whom would you go for help, and why?
11. Have you gotten an extension? Did it help or not?
12. What's your favorite place to order out from? (In this area!)
13. Where's your favorite place to eat out? (In this area.)
14. Where do you go shopping?
15. Where do you work, and would you recommend this job to anyone else? (To whom, and why or why not.)
16. What on-campus activities are you involved in?
17. What do you do for fun?
18. What are your favorite meals in the dining hall?
19. What do you eat when those aren't being served?
20. Would you use the health center by choice? Why or why not, and at what time of day?
21. Would you call a prof or other faculty member at home? Under what circumstances?
22. What makes the "definitive Bryn Mawr experience"?
23. Are you basing this on experience, or hearsay?
24. What do you do to make your room more livable?
25. What is your favorite way of staying awake when you have to?
26. What are your favorite radio stations?
27. Where do you get your news?
28. Do you use e-mail?
29. Do you use public transportation?
30. Do you watch t.v.? (What shows, how often?)
31. How often do you leave campus, and where do you go?
32. What are some of your most frequently used survival tips that you're willing to share? (Remember, these are anonymous.)
33. What do you think of traditions?
34. Which campus events do you go to?
35. Do you believe the Honor Code works?
36. Is there anything else you'd like to tell us?
37. What do you think I should have asked that isn't on this list of questions? (And please answer the question!)



by Sarah Davison

YOUR

graphic could be here

cartoons and photos and drawings accepted with joy.

just put 'em in C-1716 by midnight Friday Nov. 17



# FEATURES

you know, crazy stuff

## Lady Or... ur... that is, Lady Oracle's Next Door Neighbor

Hello, everyone. It is I, your premier Bryn Mawr Muppetologist, next door neighbor to Lady O. As we go spinning off into the cold voids of winter and midterms, most of us are in dire need of some preschool regression time, so this week's additional horoscope will be offered in the voices of favorite muppets from Sesame Street and The Muppet Show.

**Pisces:** Hello, everybody, this is your lovable pal, Grover. Your life will go up and down and in and out in the coming week. In the going week, you will travel near and far, through light and dark. Your feelings will move through love and hate, happy and sad, and hungry and full.

**Aries:** COO-KIES!!! This is Cookie Monster!! I like cookies. You will like cookies. Cookies, cookies, cookies!! C is for... COOKIE! You should eat more cookies next week. And drink lots of milk, which is good with cookies. Yum yum yum yum yum!

**Taurus:** One, one unlucky horoscope, hah hah hah hah hah! Two, two unlucky horoscopes, hah hah hah hah hah! Three, three unlucky horoscopes, hah hah hah hah hah!

**Gemini:** I, Gonzo the Magnificent, will perform your horoscope hanging by my nose from Taylor tower, juggling twelve fluffy white CHICKENS! Bgaawk!

**Capricorn:** Woof woof woof! Woof, woof woof woof, woof, woof woof woof. Woof. Woof woof, woof? Woof, woof, woofwoof. Woof woof woof, woof, woof woof. Bark.

**Virgo:** This week will be excellent for collecting stamps. Next week, my pigeon friends tell me, is more favorable for string. And after all, they have a bird's-eye view! He he he he!

**Scorpio:** AAAARRGGHH!!! HOROSCOOOOOOOPE!!! YYYAAUUGGH!!! GRAAHH-HHAAAHAHH!!! BIRTHDAAAAY!!! BLEAAAUGH!!!

**Leo:** Kermit Thee Frog here, and thanks for coming to tonight's show! I'm here to predict your horoscope before the show starts. GOOD. Now, heeeeeeere's Gonzo!

**Libra:** Elmo wants to say only happy things about your horry-scope! But Elmo not know how to read stars. Siiiigh. Elmo give hugs instead.

**Aquarius:** "Well, Waldorf, what do you think of this horoscope?" "If it were any worse, Statler, it would be a horror-scope! Bwaa-haa-haa-haa!"

**Sagittarius:** Yūk yuk yuk. How many Mawrters does it take to write a horoscope? Three! Yuk yuk yuk. And speaking of horoscopes, how many Mawrters does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Two, but I don't know how they got in there! Yuk yuk yuk.

**Cancer:** For moi, this week will be full of fabulous dinners with movie stars, yummy bonbons, and of course my beautiful Kermie. For toi, however, it will be a time of stress and you will be too busy to appreciate moi! So send more yummy bonbons to Box 1716, care of the editors, so I'll know you're thinking of moi.



Dear Ms. Hank,

I am a spec. My mother and all my friends are worried that if I come to Bryn Mawr I will turn into a dyke, or worse yet, a feminist. But I really like it here. What should I do?

—Non-dyke, non-feminist

My dear baby dyke,  
The summer before college, dye your hair blue, get a couple of earrings in interesting places, wear buttons that say, "Woman power" and "AIDS is a disease, not a crime," and start spending all your free time with a chick in a leather jacket. This way you can allay their fears, and, after they try to put you through reconditioning by locking you in a room for three days with no food and hungry tigers, they will let you do whatever you want.  
Death to the patriarchy,  
Ms. Hank

Dear Ms. Hank,

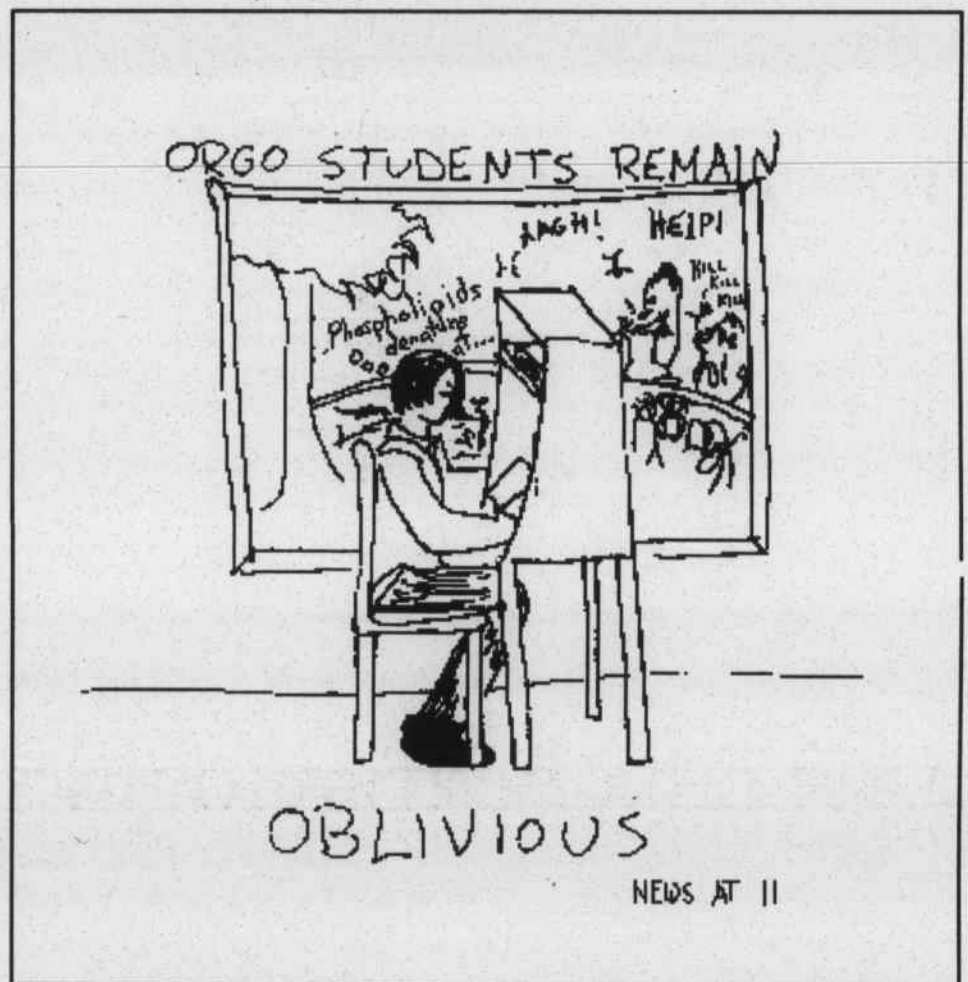
I came to Bryn Mawr under the impression that this was a big dyke school. Boy, have I been disappointed. Not only are there straight people in some of my classes, I think that one of my roommates might be straight. Also, there are people here who, even if they are dykes, have long hair and wear make-up and sometimes even wear dresses. What's the point of coming to an all-women's college if I still have to deal with these reminders that the patriarchy exists?

Disgruntled Freshman.

Dear Grunt,

Death to the Patriarchy.

Ms. Hank.



## Dykes To Watch Out For

